

Other People Ruin Everything

by

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INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE APARTMENT 12B - DAY

GRAHAM MICHAELS, 30 years old, well-kept but anti-social, looks over both shoulders, approaches apartment 12B. Thick-framed spectacles rest on the bridge of his nose. He pulls his hands from his pockets, wears purple latex gloves.

His blue-gray coveralls with no markings or insignia offer a vaguely official look. He *could* be a building worker, he *could* be here to spray for roaches--but he's not.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Before the Agency, life was a series of uncomfortable interactions. Joining the NSA allowed me to change all that.

Graham removes a lock-pick set from his pocket, goes to town on 12B's front door.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Tools of the trade. Skills like this are something of a prerequisite.

The lock on the front door CLICKS.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - MOMENTS LATER

Graham lets himself in, scans the apartment.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

These glasses come equipped with more tech than an iPad. They record everything, transmit a live-feed back to headquarters. Wherever *that* is.

Graham removes a small black case from his pocket.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Surveillance and eavesdropping is much easier than it used to be. Civilians usually carry at least one microphone and camera on their person at all times.

A desk against the wall holds a laptop--Graham opens it.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

A civilian's home might have three times as many. But sometimes, watching and listening isn't enough. Sometimes we need more.

Graham plugs a USB drive into the laptop. A message pops up on the screen that reads: PROGRAM INSTALLING...

GRAHAM (V.O.)
The glasses also work to shield my
identity--no, not like *Clark Kent*.

Graham picks up a lamp from the side table and unscrews it. He removes a fingertip-sized device from the small black case, plants it inside the lamp, puts the lamp back together.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
The lenses are designed to repel light
frequencies--so if I get picked up on
surveillance, or someone's camera
phone--my face shows up distorted.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 12B - MOMENTS LATER

He takes apart the lamp on the bedside table, plants a device inside of it, puts the lamp back together.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Listening devices--*bugs*. They're old
school, but effective. In case your
mark is smart enough to disable the
mic on their phones and computers.

The laptop in the living room JINGLES.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - MOMENTS LATER

The message on the laptop now reads: INSTALLATION COMPLETE.

Graham removes the USB drive, heads for the front door.

He peaks his head into the hallway--coast is clear.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Graham presses the 'Lobby' button.

He looks up at the security camera.

INT. SCREEN OF SECURITY MONITOR, THE ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Grainy, black and white footage of Graham riding the elevator.

His face is blurred and unrecognizable--the glasses at work.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BETWEEN BUILDING AN AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER
Graham exits the building, head down, hands in pockets.

He approaches the back of a double-parked ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

The inside of the ambulance isn't an ambulance at all--it's a high-tech surveillance van in disguise. Computers line the walls--monitors, monitors, monitors.

Studying these monitors, from a couple of tricked-out gamer chairs, are MORRIS and RAYNER, tech-hipsters who might be first and second in-command of a Best Buy Geek Squad if not for the NSA. Their uniforms look vaguely EMT-related.

RAYNER

Well there's two types a women, ya know.

MORRIS

Is that so?

RAYNER

Sure, there's women who watch porn, and women who don't.

MORRIS

And which one's Leslie?

RAYNER

Leslie don't watch porn. So, I was sitting on the wheelie chair in our living room, the other night. And she's on the couch...

MORRIS

Okay?

RAYNER

And I take my cock out, and just wheel on over to her--

Morris blurts out a laugh.

RAYNER

And she goes, *what the fuck are you doing?*

MORRIS

Obviously. Of course she does. What else would she say--

RAYNER

Cause she don't watch porn! See, Madison--you remember Madison? Madison would'a sucked my cock if I took it out and rolled on over to her.

MORRIS

Cause she watched porn?

RAYNER

Exactly. And now look, I ain't complaining--

MORRIS

Oh, you're not?

RAYNER

No, what I'm saying is--is I've been psychologically programmed to believe that that's acceptable behavior. To believe that if I take my cock out, roll on over to my lady, she's gonna put it in her mouth.

MORRIS

And how exactly did you become psychologically programmed this way?

RAYNER

A life time of watching porn.

MORRIS

Interesting.

RAYNER

Isn't it?

Morris shrugs.

Graham climbs in through the back, pulls his coveralls off, reveals sweats and a white-T underneath.

GRAHAM

It's hot as shit in here.

MORRIS

AC crapped out again.

RAYNER

Half a million in tech back here, and they can't install a working air conditioner.

MORRIS

We should tell them the computers are overheating. Getting too hot. Burning out.

RAYNER

That might get their attention.

Rayner takes out a pouch of tobacco and a rolling paper, rolls himself a cigarette.

MORRIS

How'd it go upstairs?

GRAHAM

It went.

Graham takes a seat in his gamer-chair, studies a monitor that shows the inside of the apartment he just bugged.

MORRIS

You're a chatter box as usual, Graham. Have I mentioned how much I love working with you? You've got a real way with words. An expert linguist.

Graham ignores him. Rayner exits the back of the ambulance, lights up his cigarette.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Rayner and Morris. I guess you can call us a *team*. We're Watchers--middle rung on the NSA hierarchy. I can only assume that there are dozens of surveillance posts like ours across the city.

EXT. SMART PHONE & COMPUTER REPAIR STORE - DAY

A CIVILIAN walks into the ground-floor store front.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Most Watchers started off as Listeners. It's self-explanatory. No visual surveillance, no bug work--just eavesdropping.

INT. SMART PHONE & COMPUTER REPAIR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The Civilian hands her cracked iPhone across the counter to a CLERK.

CLERK

Come back in 20 minutes, I'll have
your screen fixed.

The Civilian leaves. The Clerk enters a curtained-off
backroom--

INT. BACK ROOM, TECH REPAIR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

FOUR LISTENERS, at four different desks, sit with over-the-
ear headphones on. Boredom splayed across their faces.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

They do very little dirty-work, and
98% of the time, just like Watchers,
they don't even know who they're
eavesdropping on.

The Clerk hands the iPhone with the cracked screen to
Listener 1, who plugs it into a decoder device that punches
in every passcode possibility until the phone unlocks.

Listener 1 unplugs the decoder device, plugs the cracked
iPhone into his laptop--a message pops up on the screen that
reads: DOWNLOADING CONTENTS...

When the download is complete, Listener 1 hands the cracked
phone to Listener 2, who plugs it into his laptop. A message
pops up on the screen that reads: PROGRAM INSTALLING...

When the installation is complete, Listener 2 hands the
cracked phone back to the Clerk, who pops off the damaged
screen, replaces it with a brand new one in a matter of
seconds, takes the phone back to the front of the store--

INT. SMART PHONE & COMPUTER REPAIR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The Clerk stands behind the counter for barely two seconds
before the Civilian returns, pays for the replaced phone
screen with a credit card.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

You might spend 16 months at a
listening post like this, you might
spend three years. Shit, you might be
a lifer.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - NIGHT

BART and CASSANDRA enter the bugged apartment. He's in his late-30s, well-to-do with a pretentious gleam. She's in her mid-20s, way too pretty for Bart, but more cunning than your average arm candy.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

It takes a special kind of
indifference to become a Watcher. A
kind that can't be learned.

Bart smacks Cassandra's ass as she b-lines for the bathroom. He takes out a pill bottle, crushes a pill on the coffee table, carves up neat lines.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

A kind of indifference child
psychologists might refer to as
borderline-sociopathy. To me it's
quite simple: I don't like other
people.

Cassandra re-emerges from the bathroom, joins in on snorting crushed pills in plain view of Bart's open laptop.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Graham watches the computer monitor, a real-time live-feed of Bart and Cassandra doing drugs.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Other people ruin everything.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BETWEEN BUILDING AN AMBULANCE - NIGHT

ANNIE, 35 year old single-mother, short brown hair, never knew her child's father, never cared.

SEBASTIAN, 11 years old, senses his mother's commitment and work ethic without really understanding it.

They walk up the block, hold hands. She thinks about her next deadline, he thinks about the iPad in her purse--Fruit Ninja practically calls out to him.

Annie sways, stumbles.

Sebastian doesn't notice something's off until his mother hits the concrete. *Panic.*

A nearby DOORMAN hustles over, as do a COUPLE PEDESTRIANS.

DOORMAN
Does anybody know CPR?

Sebastian spots the ambulance, less than fifty feet away--

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Graham studies the many monitors in front of his chair.
Rayner rolls up another cigarette.

MORRIS
I tried to put a work order in for our
air conditioning. Tried to get it
fixed.

RAYNER
And? What happen?

MORRIS
Nada. Zip. Nothing--couldn't remember
what our transport code was.

RAYNER
So, you didn't put the work order
through?

MORRIS
What exactly do the words, *I tried*,
mean to you? Huh? What do they mean?

RAYNER
They mean you are grossly incompetent.
Am I the only one in this unit capable
of getting anything done around here?

Graham rolls his eyes. A FRANTIC KNOCK ON THE BACK OF THEIR
SURVEILLANCE VAN.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)
Help me! Please, help me! It's my mom!

RAYNER
What in the...

MORRIS
Oh, Jesus Christ. Look.

Graham and Rayner crowd around one of Morris' monitors, it
displays the scene on the sidewalk directly outside.

MORRIS

What's the play here? What should we do? What's the move?

RAYNER

Nothing, we should do absolutely nothing. You kidding?

MORRIS

What if she really needs help?

RAYNER

Someone'll dial 9-1-1, get some help.

GRAHAM

They think *we're the help*.

MORRIS

Shit. Oh shit, oh shit.

Graham eyes a small, square-shaped RED BAG in the corner of the ambulance with the letters, 'AED' printed on it.

RAYNER

Maybe we oughtta call 9-1-1.

MORRIS

What's the protocol? Is there a protocol for this? There should be a--

Graham opens the back of the ambulance, AED bag in hand.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

There is protocol for this--never leave the van. Never interact with civilians.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BETWEEN BUILDING AND AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Graham approaches Annie.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

That is, of course, unless you have been implicitly directed to do so. I got certified in CPR and AED under instruction from the NSA. But this particular skillset was only meant to be implemented on co-workers.

Graham squats beside Annie, unzips the AED bag.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Protocol or not, 99 times out of 100,
I ignore the crying child, and the
unconscious woman on the street.

He takes the scissor from the bag, snips open Annie's shirt
and braw, sticks the defibrillator paddles to her chest.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
99 times out of 100, I continue with
my work--without thinking twice.

The defibrillator lights up, Graham presses the shock button.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I could tell you it's because the
short brunette hair reminded me of my
mother...that'd be a lie of course, my
mother was a cunt. All the more reason
to ignore her, that'd be.

INT. RANDOM CLUTTERED APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

12 YEAR OLD GRAHAM hides in the corner.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I could tell you it's because the
pleas from a little boy reminded me of
myself as a child.

Graham watches TWO LONG LEGS hover inches above the floor.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Not true either--when I was 12 years
old, after sneaking into a neighbor's
apartment while mother was on one of
her benders, I watched as my next-door
neighbor tied a noose around his neck
and hung himself from a ceiling fan.

The long legs are revealed to belong to Young Graham's
NEIGHBOR, a middle-aged man dangling from the ceiling fan,
life draining from his body by the second.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
It's not just that I didn't intervene.
It's that I genuinely respected this
man for having the gumption my mother
could never muster...

What began as calm acceptance, morphs into frantic regret.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Up until that horrified look of regret washed over his face, and in his final moments, after spotting me in the corner, he attempted to ask for help.

Graham studies the dying man, cold indifference in his eyes.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

At least that's what I thought he was trying to say. He died a moment later.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BETWEEN BUILDING AND AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Graham pushes the button on the AED--the paddles PULSE.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

You're the only person I've ever shared that with. I mention it now because...I'm not sure why this situation was any different.

Another PULSE.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I'm not sure what came over me, or why I decided to break protocol--but I did. And in that moment, I changed. *Everything* changed.

Annie's eyes flutter...her body pulsates...she lives.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Graham sits in front of multiple computer monitors.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

In the weeks that followed I attempted to revert back to normal operations.

On one screen, Graham reads about WATCH MECHANICS. On another he studies Youtube videos about REPLACING WATCH PARTS.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Headquarters reviewed the events--as recorded by my glasses--and determined my actions had likely helped maintain cover for our surveillance post.

Graham toys with a deconstructed watch.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

There would be no reprimand. Likely due to my stellar track record and verbal assurances that it would *never happen again*.

RAYNER

Alright team. Let's have it then.

Graham rolls his eyes, rises from his chair, joins Rayner and Morris in their half of the surveillance vehicle.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

As the words came out of my mouth, I probably believed it. But sure enough, just a few weeks later...

RAYNER

You wanna take this one, Morris?

MORRIS

Please, do the honors.

RAYNER

Alright. Every night at 7:45, the Subject leaves his phone at home, goes for a 45 minute walk on the river.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - SAME TIME

Bart undresses, walks into his bathroom, turns on the shower.

RAYNER (V.O.)

The objective is to plant a bug in the Subject's wrist watch. We need to know who he meets at the river. Almost every evening, prior to the walk, the Subject takes a 15 minute shower.

Graham slips into the apartment through the front door.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 12B - MOMENTS LATER

Graham enters, finds Bart's watch, takes it apart.

RAYNER (V.O.)

It is at this point, Graham will enter the Subject's residence, take apart his watch, plant the bug, rebuild the watch and le--

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Graham cuts him off:

GRAHAM

Who is this brief for? We all know what the plan is.

RAYNER

Why are ya barking at me, man? The brief's the brief...it's protocol.

GRAHAM

I enter. I bug his watch. I leave. Do we all feel briefed?

Rayner and Morris exchange a glance.

GRAHAM

Great. Let's get this show on the road.

Graham pulls on his coveralls and latex gloves.

Morris hands him the small black bug case.

Graham exits, Rayner pulls his chair over to one of Morris' monitors. They watch.

RAYNER

Guys a fucking asshole. Whataya think his deal is?

MORRIS

Mommy issues, maybe. Who knows?

They stare at a computer monitor that displays a live feed of Apartment 12B.

MORRIS

Wait a second...oh, shit. Hang on.

RAYNER

What?

MORRIS

The Subject's in the shower, right?

RAYNER

Yeah, so?

MORRIS

I think I just saw a shadow move in the bedroom doorway. Movement in the bedroom, for sure.

RAYNER

Fuck, was it Graham?

MORRIS

No, he hasn't entered. Not yet.

RAYNER

Do we have visual capabilities in the bedroom?

MORRIS

Only sound.

RAYNER

Shit. Should we call him back?

MORRIS

Like he'd listen to us, anyway--shit, shit, shit. Subject is out of the shower already.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Some of what you'll hear today is conjecture--not this, though.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - SAME TIME

Bart exits the bathroom, towels himself off.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

What Rayner and Morris don't know, is that along with their personal electronic devices, I bugged our surveillance van.

Cassandra emerges from the bedroom, shakes a little baggy of pills at Bart, takes a seat at the coffee table.

CASSANDRA

Shall we?

She pours the pills on the table, crushes them into powder.

BART

It's going to ruin my septum, I keep spending all this time with you.

CASSANDRA

A deviated septum can be rebuilt. But
a wasted opportunity can never be
reclaimed.

He joins her, carves up lines of crushed pill.

BART

Your philosophical musings are really
starting to grow on me.

She rolls up a hundred dollar bill, snorts a line, hands the
bill off to Bart. He snorts three quick lines--

BART

Oh, shoot--

Bart's eyes roll back into his head, blood and mucus drip
from of his nose and mouth, he collapses.

CASSANDRA

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Morris puts a hand over his open mouth.

RAYNER

Jesus Christ, the Subject's OD-ing.

MORRIS

What do we do? What do we do?

RAYNER

Text Graham the shut down code. Now.

Rayner stands up.

MORRIS

Where are you going?

RAYNER

Someone's gotta drive this shit-heap
to the Grave Yard.

He heads for the driver's seat.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

The Grave Yard's a rendezvous spot for
blown assignments.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - SAME TIME

Cassandra jumps up, off-balance, finds her purse...digs into it...comes out with a NALOXONE INJECTOR...breaks the seal--

CASSANDRA

Fuck.

Her eyes roll back into her head, she seizes, drops the naloxone, collapses to the floor next to Bart.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I know what you're probably thinking.

The lock on 12B's front door CLICKS as Graham picks it from the outside, pushes open the door--the security chain holds.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I bugged the surveillance van, so I heard Rayner and Morris blather about the overdoses. So why go in anyway?

Graham takes a small wire-chord from his little black case, ties it off around the security chain, pulls up--the chain slides off the track, the door unlocks.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Morbid curiosity? That's a cop out. Another lie.

Graham enters, freezes in the doorway.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

During a blown assignment, protocol dictates I disappear, make my own way to the Grave Yard...unfollowed and undetected.

Graham steps in, closes the apartment door.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

And before a few weeks ago, that's exactly what I would have done.

Graham darts over to Bart and Cassandra, picks the naloxone injector off the floor, raises it. He looks at Cassandra. Looks at Bart...back at Cassandra...Graham injects Cassandra with naloxone. Her eyes don't open, but she coughs up bloody phlegm, start to breathe again.

Graham moves over to Bart, puts a finger to his neck.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

No pulse. In a normal situation like this, you give the person CPR--mouth to mouth and chest compressions--until the paramedics show up.

Graham takes Cassandra's cellphone off the coffee table, dials 9-1-1, disguises his voice--

GRAHAM (ON PHONE)

I need an ambulance at 17th street and 1st Avenue. Building 201, unit 12B.

He drops the phone without hanging up, heads for the door.

He grabs the doorknob--pauses, turns back, removes a small device from his little black case, walks over to the coffee table, drops the device inside Cassandra's purse. He leaves.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

On the monitor, COPS and EMTs shuffle around apartment 12B.

MORRIS

What the fuck was he doing? Is he trying to get fired? He's going to get himself fired, isn't he?

RAYNER

More likely, he'll wake up in a black site.

MORRIS

You're kidding? Don't joke about that--you aren't serious, right?

RAYNER

Plenty serious. And unless we wanna join 'em, we'll contact HQ right now.

MORRIS

You think they'll call us in?

RAYNER

In *where*? They'll probably send someone out, have us briefed.

MORRIS

What are we going to say? We should get our stories straight right? Get on the same page?

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 12B - NIGHT

Cassandra sits on a chair in the corner of the room, awake but unresponsive as EMT 1 takes her blood pressure.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER and TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS zip Bart's corpse up into a body bag.

DETECTIVE MALIK NEWMAN, trench coat over a shaggy suit, badge clipped to his belt, watches from off to the side. While his body language reads *indifferent*, his eyes tell another story.

MALIK

She able to talk?

EMT 1

Vitals have leveled out, should probably get her to the hospital though.

Malik pulls a card from his wallet, slides it between Cassandra's fingers--she doesn't acknowledge him.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Annie--the mom who passed out on the sidewalk--carries a sleeping Sebastian into his bedroom, emerges moments later.

She disappears into the kitchen, returns to the living room with a bottle of wine, pours herself a glass, sits on the couch.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - SAME TIME

Graham rides in the middle of the bus, sits alone in an empty row of seats, watches a live-stream on his smart phone of Annie drinking wine in her living room.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Annie's a nice name. Finding it was simple, took barely five minutes. The address took *maybe* ten.

Graham looks up from his phone, pulls the chord to request the next bus stop, returns his attention to the live feed.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Planting the bugs was a piece of cake. The apartment's got almost no security, something should be done about that.

EXT. BUS STOP, RANDALL'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Graham steps off the bus on Randall's Island. It's all soccer and baseball fields--mostly empty at this hour. A few stray adult men's softball games.

Graham walks toward a bridge in the distance, beneath which the ambulance/surveillance vehicle is parked.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN, RANDALL'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Graham climbs in through the back door--his jaw drops.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I don't know why I was surprised. I shouldn't have been, I'm smarter than that.

The van has been stripped of all surveillance equipment. Monitors and computers ripped out, loose cables and wires all that remain. Graham takes his smart phone out, clicks on Rayner's contact.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

A giant monitor on the wall live-streams everything Graham looks at through his high-tech glasses.

His POV is being studied. Graham pulls out his smart phone, dials Rayner...

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

Phone to ear, Graham makes his way to the front of the ambulance.

GRAHAM (ON PHONE)

It's me...not sure why I'm calling you. You and Morris are probably half way to Alaska by now--

RAYNER IS DEAD in the driver's seat, wrist slashed, the words '**I'M SORRY**' painted in blood on the driver's side window.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

One month earlier, a visual like this would have had almost no effect on me. I never liked Rayner. I never liked *other people*.

EXT. RANDALL'S ISLAND, OUTSIDE AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Paranoid, Graham looks over both shoulders, hustles away.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Everything was different now. And Rayner's lifeless body made one thing perfectly clear--the Agency was cleaning house.

In the distance, a YELLOW TAXI drops off a young family, youth sports gear in tow.

Graham jogs up to the taxi, catches it just before it speeds off.

INT. YELLOW TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

The TAXI DRIVER looks at Graham in the rearview mirror.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

There's no way a narcissist like Rayner commits suicide--not like that. He loved himself too much.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

If he absolutely *had* to end it all, his suicide would be much louder than a slashed wrist under some nowhere bridge on *Randall's Island*.

TAXI DRIVER

Sir?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Take me to Lenox Hill Hospital.

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The sidewalk outside Lenox Hill is quiet. An Orderly smokes a cigarette.

Two nurses chat and sip coffee from paper cups.

A WHITE VAN that says MANHATTAN LOCKSMITH & HARDWARE in discreet grey letters, pulls up in front of the hospital.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

ROCK is in the driver's seat, mid-40s, pudgy face, heavy-set, emotionally numb. He wears a pair of NSA glasses.

SCISSORS is in the passenger seat, late-30s, boney face, wiry frame, emotionally unhinged.

ROCK

Count it.

They each raise a fist...

SCISSORS

Once, twice, three, shoot.

So mellow a game of rock, paper, scissors has never held such weight. Rock's rock is covered by Scissors' paper.

ROCK

Ah, this a first.

SCISSORS

Thought I'd mix things up.

ROCK

Best two outta three?

SCISSORS

Yeah right. Keep the engine running.

ROCK

Don't forget your specs.

Scissors takes a glasses case from the glovebox, climbs out the front passenger door, slams it shut. Rock slumps down in the driver's seat, fishes a pack of smokes from his black coveralls--Scissors whips the passenger door back open, pokes his head inside before Rock can light up the cigarette.

SCISSORS

And no fucking smoking in the van.

Scissors slams the door, disappears inside the hospital.

Rock mimics him--

ROCK

No fucking smoking in the van.

He lights one up with a match, kills the engine.

INT. SCREEN OF SECURITY MONITOR, THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Grainy, black and white footage of a man in black coveralls riding the elevator.

His face is blurred and unrecognizable.

INT. 5TH FLOOR, LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors steps off the elevator wearing a pair of glasses similar in style to Graham's.

He looks both ways down the long hallway, scampers across the corridor into a supply closet.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET, LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors pulls on a pair of surgeon's scrubs, complete with a surgical mask and cap.

He scans the shelves gleefully, rises on his tippy-toes with joy as he finds a collection of scalpels.

INT. FRONT DESK, 5TH FLOOR, LENOX HILL - MOMENTS LATER

A NURSE holds a phone between her shoulder and ear while looking through paperwork. Scissors, decked out in his surgeon's disguise, approaches the desk, reaches over, takes a clipboard, reads it.

NURSE

Who are you looking for, Doctor?

Scissors ignores her, continues to scan the documents.

NURSE

Um, hello-o-o? Are you new here? I don't recognize you?

SCISSORS

Hush, nurse.

Her eyebrows arch, her nostrils flare--

NURSE

You know what, I'm due for my break.

She drops the phone, rises from her flimsy office chair, storms off. Scissors finds the name he's looking for on the clipboard, taps it two times with his pointer finger--
CASSANDRA STEVENS.

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY, LENOX HILL - NIGHT

Scissors hides the scalpel behind his back, walks up to a DOCTOR.

SCISSORS

Cassandra Stevens...survived an opiate overdose?

The Doctor turns, points to a curtained-off room.

Scissors marches on, too quick at first, must contain himself, slow down, act natural.

INT. CURTAINED-OFF ROOM, LENOX HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors slips behind the curtain, scalpel ready in his right hand...disappointment washes over him. The hospital bed is empty, torn hospital bracelet left behind.

SCISSORS

Damnit.

INT. LOBBY, LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Graham power-walks across the lobby, holds Cassandra's hand, drags her behind him like a stubborn pet.

CASSANDRA

Wait a minute--

GRAHAM

Let's go, let's go. We gotta move.

CASSANDRA

Just hold on--hold on a second!

She rips her hand from his grasp.

CASSANDRA

I don't know who the fuck you think you are, but if you think you're dragging me outside in this hospital gown you're crazy.

Graham looks around, concerned, finally notices Cassandra is blushing.

GRAHAM

Alright, fine.

He unzips his coveralls, steps out of them, grabs Cassandra's arm, guides her in.

GRAHAM

Let's go. Pull them up.

Cassandra pulls up the coveralls, zips them. Graham yanks her out the hospital doors.

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

They hit the sidewalk, Graham makes direct eye contact with Rock through the front passenger window of the van. Rock tosses his cigarette, keys the ignition.

GRAHAM

We have to go, now.

CASSANDRA

Just hold on one fucking minute. I'm not going anywhere with you.

GRAHAM

I'll explain later, I promise--

CASSANDRA

You'll explain now!

Graham grabs her hand, points at the white van.

GRAHAM

That man there is here for *you*. His partners probably in the hospital.

CASSANDRA

What?

GRAHAM

What they'll do once they've got you, I can't be certain. But they've already killed one person today, so I promise you, your odds are a lot better with me.

CASSANDRA

Fuck.

Graham leads her across the street.

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

Rock puts the van in drive, turns the steering wheel. Before he hits the gas, Scissors emerges from the lobby.

Rock honks twice, Scissors jumps in the passenger seat.

ROCK

I see 'em.

SCISSORS

Let's do it.

The van moves slow, follows Graham and Cassandra to the corner.

SCISSORS

They're together. How should we snatch them both up?

ROCK

Beats me--this was a three person job *before* the marks were runnin' around together.

SCISSORS

What are you saying it like *that* for? I'm not the one who made the call.

ROCK

Nah, you're just the one who accepted it.

SCISSORS

Oh, so you're saying you would've said *no*? Where do you think that would've gotten us?

EXT. SIDEWALK, UPTOWN SUBWAY ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Graham peaks over his left shoulder.

GRAHAM

When I say go, dart down the steps.

CASSANDRA

What?

GRAHAM

Go!

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

Rock watches as Graham leads Cassandra down the steps, into the subway.

ROCK

They're making a break for it--go, go,
go, go!

Scissors jumps out the van, darts down into the subway.

INT. UPTOWN PLATFORM, SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Graham catches the emergency door before it closes, ushers Cassandra onto the platform, slams the door shut behind him.

Graham drags Cassandra to the edge of the platform, jumps down onto the tracks, puts his hands up to help her down.

CASSANDRA

Get the fuck out of here.

GRAHAM

He's coming--we have to move, now!

She looks back--Scissors collides with multiple PEDESTRIANS as he attempts to hop the turnstiles.

CASSANDRA

Oh Jesus.

She hops down into Grahams arms.

They're illuminated in the light of the oncoming 6 train.

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

They hop the third rail, climb over to the tracks running downtown, climb up onto the opposite platform...

INT. UPTOWN PLATFORM, SUBWAY STATION - SAME TIME

Scissors stands on the edge of the platform, watches as Graham and Cassandra climb onto the downtown side, dart up the stairs toward the subway exit--the uptown 6 train blasts to a halt, cuts off his view.

He turns, runs back through the turnstiles, heads up the stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK, UPTOWN SUBWAY ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Rock is double parked by the entrance, passenger window down.

SCISSORS

They jumped the tracks, they'll come
out across the street!

INT. WHITE VAN - SAME TIME

Rock slams down on the accelerator, ignores the stop light, lurches forward into the intersection--gets T-BONED by an SUV, airbags go off in Rock's face, crack his glasses.

INT. DOWNTOWN PLATFORM, SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Graham and Cassandra hide out on the subway steps. A downtown 6 train arrives at the platform.

GRAHAM

Quick, let's go.

Graham jumps over the turnstile, Cassandra ducks under it, they board the 6 train just before the doors close.

EXT. SIDEWALK, DOWNTOWN SUBWAY ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors sprints across the street...doesn't see his targets.

SCISSORS

Shit.

Rock emerges from the wreck, holds his back with one hand, bridge of his nose with the other. Scissors descends the subway steps.

SCISSORS

They must've boarded the train.

ROCK

You said they jumped the tracks--

SCISSORS

I know what I said. Come on, let's go.

ROCK

We'll never catch 'em that way.

SCISSORS

Would you rather wait up here for the
police to arrive?

INT. SUBWAY CAR, DOWNTOWN 6 TRAIN - NIGHT

Graham studies a subway map. Cassandra tries to ignore the HOMELESS MAN asleep on the seats across from her.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I try not to ride the subway much. Too many other people. Too much opportunity for human interaction.

CASSANDRA

You gonna tell me what the fuck is going on here, or what?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

But this maneuver was about more than just an escape route. It's quite challenging to track a phone on the subway--even for the NSA.

CASSANDRA

Ummm, hello? Earth to--shit, I don't even know your name.

Graham doesn't turn, continues to study the subway map.

GRAHAM

It's Graham.

CASSANDRA

Do you know mine?

GRAHAM

Why would I?

CASSANDRA

Cause you've saved me twice already.

Graham finally turns, looks at her.

CASSANDRA

Yeah, I remember you. You were the one who hit me with the Narcan.

GRAHAM

I didn't see your eyes open.

CASSANDRA

Well, they did.

He sits down to her right, leaves one open seat between them.

GRAHAM
I freelance for the government.

CASSANDRA
You watch people?

GRAHAM
And listen.

CASSANDRA
And you were hired to watch me?

GRAHAM
Not you, the guy whose apartment you
were in.

CASSANDRA
Melvin.

GRAHAM
His name was Melvin?

CASSANDRA
You were spying on the guy and you
don't even know his name?

GRAHAM
Minimal information, minimal
interaction. It's protocol.

CASSANDRA
So I take it, you don't know why
they're trying to have me killed?

Graham shakes his head.

CASSANDRA
How'd you know to come get me at the
hospital?

GRAHAM
I put a tracker in your purse.

CASSANDRA
That's not what I mean.

GRAHAM
When an op goes bad, we're supposed to
meet at a designated rendezvous. I got
there, one of my partners was dead. It
was sculpted like a suicide.

CASSANDRA

Shit.

GRAHAM

My other partner's still out there. I gotta find him. But to do that, I'll need a few things from my apartment.

CASSANDRA

And they'll be expecting that.

GRAHAM

Likely. Which is why I can't bring you with me. I have to be able to get in and out quiet, undetected.

CASSANDRA

You can't leave me here. What if they find me?

GRAHAM

It's incredibly hard to track you down here. Plus, you're going to stay moving. When you get to Union Square, get off this train, walk across the platform and board and uptown 6.

CASSANDRA

Then what?

GRAHAM

Ride it up to 96 street, get off, get back on a downtown 6. Repeat the process until you hear from me.

CASSANDRA

And if I don't?

GRAHAM

Don't what?

CASSANDRA

What if I don't hear from you?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Fair question.

GRAHAM

There's a reporter. Annie Meyers. Works for the Times.

CASSANDRA
What's she gonna do?

GRAHAM
She doesn't know it yet, but she owes me a favor. Tell her about me. Tell her I'm the one who saved her when her heart stopped. Tell her about Melvin, and everything that happened to you.

CASSANDRA
And then what?

GRAHAM
Pray.

The train stops, doors open.

INT. DOWNTOWN PLATFORM, SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Graham gets up, walks off the 6 train.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I don't know why I said that. God's got nothing to do with it. It's a concept other people have always seemed to take solace in though.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Graham stares up at his 5th floor apartment. The shades are pulled down on his street-facing window.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Not to self: pulling the shades down grants the illusion of privacy, opens *whole other* can of worms.

He crosses the street, heads for his lobby.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Graham slides his key into the lock, tries to open the door as quietly as possible--it CREAKS.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Note to self: grease the hinges on the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Graham tiptoes inside, looks around, checks behind doors, pops his head in the bathroom--coast is clear. After two seconds of decompression, he jumps into high gear-- zigs into the kitchen, zags out with a large bottle of Clorox.

INT. BATHROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Graham plugs the drain in his bathtub, turns the shower on, cranks the hot water up all the way.

He empties the whole bottle of Clorox into the tub.

INT. KITCHEN, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Under the kitchen sink, Graham knocks all of his cleaning supplies over, grabs two bottles of Windex.

He pulls a kitchen rag off the oven, holds it over his mouth and nose.

INT. BATHROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom is completely steamed up.

Graham empties the bottles of Windex into the bathtub, darts out of the bathroom, slams the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Graham drops the rag from his face, breaths heavily.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Note to self: keep an oxygen mask on-hand for emergency scenarios.

Graham pulls a RESISTANCE BAND out from his closet, loops one end around the knob of the bathroom door.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Rock and Scissors look up at Graham's window.

SCISSORS

Let's end this, before it gets any messier.

ROCK

What'aya side-eying me for?

SCISSORS

Because you're an ugly fuck. I'm afraid if I look right at you, I'll turn to stone.

They approach Graham's building.

ROCK

Yeah, yeah. Fuck you.

SCISSORS

Fine, fuck me. Just try not to fuck this up.

ROCK

You try not to fuck it up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Graham pushes the coffee table off of the living room rug, pulls the rug up, reveals hardwood floor.

He finds a loose board in the hardwood, pops it out of the floor, uncovers a secret compartment.

He pulls a DRAW-STRING bag from the hiding place, throws it on this back, replaces the floor board, puts the rug back, moves back the coffee table--

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Rock gets into an athletic stance, right leg a little behind the left, about to kick-in Graham's front door.

Scissors stops him with a silent hand gesture. Rock relaxes.

Scissors removes a lock pick set from his pocket, manipulates the lock--it POPS.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rock and Scissors tip-toe through the living room.

Graham's nowhere to be seen.

Steam shoots out from under the closed bathroom door.

They approach.

INT. BATHROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rock and Scissors burst in.

Rock yanks the ugly purple shower curtain so hard, he rips it right off--

INT. KITCHEN, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The cabinet under the kitchen sink swings open--GRAHAM CRAWLS OUT like a circus performer.

He clambers to his feet, practically teleports to the bathroom door, slams it shut, grabs the loose end of the resistance band, ties it to the knob of the closet door across from the bathroom.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Note to self: thank sister for at-home workout equipment.

INT. BATHROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Steam and home-made chloroform overtake the bathroom.

Scissors rams into the door with his shoulder, faints, collapses onto Rock.

Rock drops him, fights off the long sleep, kicks at the door in the same spot, over and over...he drops to his knees, he vomits, he pounds the door with his fist, the same spot, over and over...his eyes flutter...he suffocates on the poisonous gas and steam...HIS FIST BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR!

He reaches his arm through the hole, yanks on the resistance band until there's enough slack to open the bathroom door. He crawls out the bathroom, drags Scissors behind him.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Graham hustles up the block, pulls a SCANNER DEVICE from his drawstring bag, plugs it into his smart phone.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

My go-bag's got a lot of useful crap in it. This here's the most important. It's why I risked coming home.

Graham points the scanner at every parked car he passes, checks the results on his smart phone.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
 The scanner will alert me when it
 picks up a parked car with a key fob
 left inside.

Graham passes a Toyota Camry. The scanner lights up, Graham's
 smart phone SINGS.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
 Bingo.

Graham disconnects the scanner, drops it in his go-bag, looks
 left, looks right, tries to act casual, climbs in the Toyota.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - MOMENTS LATER

Graham tosses the go-bag on the shotgun seat.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
 A more impressive hacker could start
 vehicles with or without the key fob.

He hits the push-to-start button, the Toyota comes alive.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
 Cars practically steal themselves
 these days.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, 96TH STREET STATION - NIGHT

Cassandra waits for the downtown 6 train to arrive.

She sticks her neck out to peak down the track, paces back
 and forth.

Her phone buzzes.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
 Hello?

GRAHAM (O.S.)
 Cassandra, it's me--uh, Graham. Where
 are you now?

The tracks below her vibrate, the downtown 6 approaches.

CASSANDRA (ON PHONE)
 I'm on 96, about to hop back on.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - SAME TIME

Graham hits a hard left turn, narrowly avoids taking out a group of pedestrians crossing the street.

GRAHAM (ON PHONE)

Take it to 14th street and wait for me
on the platform. I'll meet you there.
Understand?

INT. SUBWAY CAR, DOWNTOWN 6 TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra boards the train.

CASSANDRA

I understand. 14th Street, I'll see
you there.

She pockets her cell, looks over both shoulders, paranoid.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

5 MEN, suit-clad, sit at a rectangular table in front of laptops all linked together by a knot of cables.

HOPKINS, with his blue and white striped tie and immaculately shaved head, stands by the window, hands on hips, watches the traffic down below.

MAXWELL, at the table, solid blue tie, navy blazer, looks like an overgrown school boy.

HOPKINS

This could lead to our nastiest breach
since Snowden.

MAXWELL

The timing's sub-optimal. It goes
without saying.

JEFFEREY leans back in his chair, chews the eraser end of a pencil.

JEFFEREY

It doesn't, though.

MAXWELL

What?

JEFFEREY

Go without saying.

MAXWELL

How do you mean?

JEFFEREY

You ever realize how every single time someone says, *it goes without saying*, whatever IT is, has either already been said, or is about to be?

PORTER finally looks up from his laptop, better dressed and more put-together than the rest.

PORTER

Profound as usual, Jefferey. How exposed are you guys on this Facebook thing?

RALPH, with his red and white striped tie and laser-cut goatee, leans back in his office chair.

RALPH

Like a Muslim woman on Ramadan.

They look at him with varying levels of amusement.

RALPH

We're not. Shell company's rock solid.

PORTER

Let's revisit this in the near future. We're having a particularly tough time infiltrating their board.

JEFFEREY

Does it matter, anyway? The kids'r all saying Facebook's dead.

MAXWELL

What does that even mean? Their metrics are off the charts.

HOPKINS

Can we get back to the problem at hand, please?

MAXWELL

Yes, sorry sir.

RALPH

This Graham fellow...working with Antifa?

PORTER

Don't be ridiculous, we invented them
out of thin air.

Porter goes to take a sip from his mug, realizes it's empty.

RALPH

Yeah, but you know how these groups
work. They're all made up until
they're real.

JEFFEREY

He's not Antifa...there's zero
evidence of that.

HOPKINS

Well, you think he's on the other
side?

PORTER

What would *they* have to gain from
this? Not to mention, could they
possibly pull off an infiltration of
this magnitude?

HOPKINS

So forget for a second about the *who*.
Let's focus instead on making it go
away.

PORTER

You're about to ask us to handle this
for you. And even though I have no
idea exactly when the CIA became your
personal clean up crew--

HOPKINS

No, no. We're handling it.

PORTER

You're handling it?

CHAVEZ, the 6th member of the joint task force finally pulls
his dorky headset off and chimes in.

CHAVEZ

We've dispatched a 3-man team of
freelancers--

MAXWELL

2-man. We had one decommissioned.

CHAVEZ
They've since gone dark.

HOPKINS
Where?

CHAVEZ
Last known address is the target's
house.

PORTER
Once located, send along their
tracking information.

HOPKINS
You're going to intervene?

PORTER
Not until the job's completed. Tell
me, when did you guys launch this
freelancer program?

Hopkins doesn't answer. Ralph clears his throat.

RALPH
We had a deficit.

MAXWELL
If we didn't use it, we'd lose it.

PORTER
Well, gee. Think maybe you should'a
lost it?

Hopkins sighs.

HOPKINS
Certainly would have cost us less in
the long haul.

JEFFEREY
Well, hindsight's 20/20 now, isn't it?

RALPH
That's good, Jefferey. Thank you. I'll
have to write that down.

Ralph takes a small notepad from his breast pocket, writes as
he mutters to himself.

RALPH
Hindsight is twenty-twenty...

HOPKINS
Are you done?

MAXWELL
They're back on line, sir.

HOPKINS
Who?

MAXWELL
The Closers.

CHAVEZ
They need a new set of wheels.

HOPKINS
They quash the virus?

Chavez shakes his head.

HOPKINS
Arrange transport. What about Tiny
Dancer? We have her location?

MAXWELL
She's been constantly moving for the
last hour, sir. Up and down east
Manhattan. The signal disappears every
few minutes, comes back on...her
location's jumped.

HOPKINS
How's that possible? Did we train her
in evasive maneuvers?

PORTER
She's probably underground.

Hopkins looks at Porter, confused.

PORTER
The subway?

HOPKINS
Figure out what line she's riding,
tell The Closers, and keep us
appraised of everyone's locations.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Scissors hunches over, hands on his knees, pale as a ghost.

Rock waterfalls a 32oz bottle of water into his mouth, swishes it around, spits, hands the bottle off. Scissors takes it, chugs half, comes up panting.

SCISSORS

Jesus Christ. That sick son of a bitch. I mean, what sort of sicko thinks up something like that?

Rock shrugs, scans the road, head on a swivel.

SCISSORS

I mean, fuck. What was that? Chloroform? Mustard gas?

Rock shrugs again.

A GREY VAN pulls up across the street, "SCHMIDT'S A/C REPAIR" painted on the side. The DRIVER honks twice, climbs out of the van, leaves the driver's side door open, walks away.

ROCK

C'mon, this'us.

They climb into the van, jet away from the curb.

INT. GREY VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Rock weaves in and out of traffic, honking the horn, but stays mellow in his seat--all palms and wrist on the steering wheel.

Scissors is in the back of the van, which is tricked out with computers and surveillance gear. He types furiously on a keyboard, eyes scan the computer screen.

SCISSORS

She's on the 4,5,6. Lexington Ave.

ROCK

And what? What street?

SCISSORS

I'm looking!

ROCK

Bout to hit 42nd--

SCISSORS

She just passed 28th street, keep going.

Rock swings the steering wheel left.

ROCK

23rd is next, should I--

SCISSORS

Not enough time, we'll get her at Union Square.

Rock leans on the horn, swerves out of a near collision.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Maxwell looks up from his laptop.

MAXWELL

Closers are back online and in pursuit, sir. The girl's been riding the 6 train up and down, currently heading downtown.

HOPKINS

What about the virus? Who's got eyes on him?

CHAVEZ

He appears to have gotten himself a set of wheels--

INT. GREY VAN - NIGHT

Rock slams on the breaks.

ROCK

Go.

SCISSORS

Get on the monitor, let me know which train is hers.

Scissors flies out the side door of the van. Rock puts the van in park, takes Scissors' seat in the back, puts a headset on.

ROCK

You hear me?

INT. PLATFORM, 14 STREET SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Scissors holds his phone to his ear, scans the PEDESTRIANS on the platform.

SCISSORS

Barely. Train's approaching--she on it?

INT. GREY VAN - SAME TIME

Rock stares at the computer screen.

ROCK

I'dno, her signal disappeared.

SCISSORS (O.S.)

What stop did you last see it at?

ROCK

Haven't seen her yet. Wasn't here, soon as I got on.

INT. PLATFORM, 14 STREET SUBWAY - SAME TIME

The 6 train arrives at the station.

Scissors cups his right ear with his right hand, presses the phone to his left ear.

SCISSORS

It's here--train's here. Is it this one? Can you hear me?

He walks down the platform, eyes scan each train car.

SCISSORS

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He looks at his phone: CALL FAILED.

SCISSORS

Damnit--

Just as the doors close, Scissors and Cassandra make eye contact. She's on the platform, 100 feet away.

CASSANDRA

Oh, shit.

THE TRAIN DOORS OPEN BACK UP--Cassandra darts on.

Scissors makes his move, leaps for the subway, two train cars behind the one Cassandra boarded.

The doors close--but he lodges his arm in-between them, forces them open, slides inside.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT

Graham leans on the horn, swerves around a bus, flies through a red light, narrowly avoids getting T-boned.

He swings the steering wheel hard to the left--then back right as he drives up onto the sidewalk to avoid taking out PEDESTRIANS IN THE CROSSWALK. He slams on the break, puts the Camry in park, hops out.

INT. PLATFORM, 14 STREET SUBWAY - NIGHT

Graham flies downstairs to the platform. No train on either side of the tracks, few people mill about.

A 3 MEMBER DRUM CIRCLE beats overturned buckets in rhythm.

Graham power-walks to the far end of the platform...no Cassandra. He walks back...doesn't see her.

GRAHAM

God damnit. Where are you?

He takes his cell, clicks her contact, puts it to his ear--

INT. SUBWAY CAR, UPTOWN 6 - SAME TIME

Cassandra shuffles up the crowded train car, squeezes between PASSENGERS. She's petrified, constant looks over her shoulder.

Scissors follows her at a snail's pace, like he's Michael Fucking Meyers, no rush, not a care in the world. Prey's in his crosshairs, just a matter of time.

Cassandra gets to the door at the end of the train which leads to the next car. She pushes through.

EXT. UNION SQUARE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Graham emerges from the subway, phone to ear.

GRAHAM

Pick up, pick up, damnit.

INT. GREY VAN - SAME TIME

As Rock climbs back into the driver's seat, he spots Graham.

Graham crosses the street, ABOUT TO WALK RIGHT BETWEEN the grey van and the car parked in front of it.

Rock steps on the break, slides the gear into drive, grips the steering wheel tight--

EXT. BETWEEN PARKED CARS, STREET/SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Graham pockets his cell, crosses the street, walks between two parked cars--SCREECHING TIRES.

The grey van to Graham's right lurches forward. He stutters, dives onto the sidewalk at the last second--the van slams into the car parked directly in front of it. Graham hits concrete, rolls onto his back, sees Rock through the window.

GRAHAM

Shit.

He stumbles to his feet, darts back down the steps of the subway, Rock hot on his trail.

INT. UNION SQUARE STATION - NIGHT

Right as a WOMAN swipes her metro card, Graham bumps up against her ass, practically rides her through the turnstile.

GRAHAM

Thanks!

WOMAN

The hell you doing!?

Graham darts for the stairs to the L train platform. Rock leaps over the turnstiles, slams right into the Woman, knocks her off her feet.

INT. L PLATFORM, 14 STREET SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Graham flies down the steps, lands on a crowded platform just as the L train arrives. He boards amidst a sweaty group of PEDESTRIANS.

Rock leaps down half the stairs, hits the platform with a THUD, crawls onto the L train right before it leaves the station.

INT. L TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

TRAIN RIDERS try to ignore Rock, still on the floor--just another day in the NYC subway system. Graham and Rock make eye contact. Rock huffs and puffs, exhausted.

Graham grabs hold of the railing, acts normal. Rock climbs to his feet, finds some railing to hold, eyes locked on Graham.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Maxwell watches the live feed from Rock's glasses, showing Graham ride the subway in a crowded train car. The feed has a diagonal crack, the shape of a lightning bolt, taking up half the screen. Hopkins stands over Maxwell's shoulder.

HOPKINS

What's wrong with your computer screen?

MAXWELL

It's not my screen, sir. His specs must be cracked.

CHAVEZ

He was in a pretty serious car accident earlier.

Hopkins sighs, looks up at the ceiling.

HOPKINS

Has that been dealt with?

RALPH

I checked the nearest traffic cams. Despite the damage to his spectacles, his face is obscured in the recording.

CHAVEZ

The van won't be traced back to us, either.

HOPKINS

What about his apartment?

PORTER

I took the liberty on that one, figured you wouldn't mind.

HOPKINS

You outsource?

PORTER

No...I've activated a Troubleshooter.
It'll be like no one ever visited your
man's apartment.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A moving truck pulls up outside Graham's building. The signage on the semi-trailer reads:

"BIG BROTHER MOVING COMPANY"

ZILCH, 40s, pushes the cabin door open, hops out, walks to the back of the truck. He wears a light purple short-sleeve button down shirt, blue jeans, and a grey baseball cap.

He pulls open the door of the semi-trailer, steps up and in.

INT. SEMI-TRAILER, MOVING TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch navigates the back of the truck, crowded with furniture and crap likely headed for storage.

An old-fashion wardrobe sits in the front-center of the semi-trailer. He pulls it open, disappears inside.

INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT, SEMI-TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The wardrobe is a trap door--behind it is a small command center. A computer system setup so advanced, it makes Rock and Scissor's surveillance van look like child's play.

Zilch opens a small case on his desk, removes a pair of CONTACT LENSES, puts them in his eyes.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Zilch loads a DOOR onto a hand truck, that already has a cardboard box tied down to its base.

He wheels the hand truck across the street, toward Graham's building.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, Zilch wheels the hand truck into the hallway. He takes a peak at Graham's door, looks both ways to ensure the coast is clear, takes the box off the hand truck, dips into the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL, ACROSS FROM GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Zilch opens the cardboard box, pulls out a gas mask.

He turns his baseball cap backwards, puts the mask on, lets it rest atop his head.

He takes a high-tech lock-picking device from the box, lifts the box up, exits the stairwell.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The lock on Graham's door CLICKS, the door swings open. Zilch pushes the hand truck inside, pulls the gas mask down over his face.

The toxic steam from the bathroom has infiltrated the rest of the apartment.

INT. BATHROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch turns the shower off. He pulls the plug on the bathtub, lets the water drain.

He checks the time on his watch.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He opens all of the windows in Graham's apartment.

Goes back into the cardboard box, pulls out a tool kit.

He checks the time on his watch again, grabs some tools from the kit, goes to town on the broken bathroom door, removes it from the hinges, replaces it with the brand new door, checks to make sure it swings on the hinges properly--success.

He unties the resistance band from the knob of the closet door, tosses it into the cardboard box, loads the box and the busted old bathroom door onto the hand truck.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Zilch wheels the hand truck back across the street to the end of the semi-trailer, loads the busted door and the cardboard box inside.

He pulls the door of the semi-trailer closed, walks to the front of the truck, climbs up into the cabin, drives off.

INT. SUBWAY CAR, UPTOWN 6 - NIGHT

The very first car of the train line. Cassandra stands by the front set of doors, grips the handrail.

Scissors glowers at her from fifteen feet away, holds the handrail by the middle set of doors.

The 6 train comes to a stop at 42nd Street. The few seconds before the train doors open sit like an eternity...

They open. Cassandra pushes off her heels, bolts hard toward the opening.

Scissors leaps out the train car through the middle set of doors--

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, 42ND STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors lands on the platform, looks to the left--no Cassandra. He looks up ahead, his eyes scan the train arriving across the platform, the steps that lead to the upper level--no Cassandra. Did she fake him out? Is she still on the train?

Scissors turns around--

INT. SUBWAY CAR, UPTOWN 6 - SAME TIME

CASSANDRA STANDS BEHIND SCISSORS IN THE OPEN SUBWAY DOORS, KICKS HIM IN THE CROTCH.

He gasps, doubles over on the platform,

Cassandra books it to the end of the train, pushes through the door to the next car.

EXT. SIDEWALK, 14TH STREET OFF 10TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Graham runs up the block, **The High Line** is in sight.

Rock runs after him--cardio ain't his game, his lungs are working overtime.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Not to self: daily jogging has not
been in vain.

Graham takes the stairs, two at a time, up to The High Line.

EXT. THE HIGH LINE - MOMENTS LATER

The High Line: a one-and-a-half mile long, elevated linear park, built on an abandoned railway. Even at night, there's tourists a plenty. Graham stutter-steps, spins and dodges them as Rock chases him up the beautiful sight-seeing destination.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Why didn't she call me back?

INT. SUBWAY CAR, UPTOWN 6 - NIGHT

Cassandra huffs and puffs, exhausted, tears fly from her eyes and mix with the sweat running down her forehead.

CASSANDRA

Fuck!

She finally stops, hunches over, hands on knees. She breathes, breathes, breathes...she looks up.

He's there, Scissors.

Also hunched over, huffing and puffing, staring right at her.

SCISSORS

Please. Can we just end this?

CASSANDRA

Fuck you. You fucking psycho-fuck,
fuck you!

He really is a psycho, just nods, agreeing with her, as he inches slowly toward her.

SCISSORS

Yes, yes. That's right. You're right.

She almost beats fear--until a beam of light from the subway tunnel reflects off something shiny in his hand, and the glare makes her blink...it's a switch blade.

CASSANDRA

He-help...

She finally notices they're alone in the train car.

He moves within striking distance. Just a little flick of the wrist is all it takes. Blood splatter hits the train window. Jackson Pollock by way of Jack the Ripper.

EXT. THE HIGH LINE - NIGHT

Graham runs. He glances back to see if Rock is still on his tail--sure is--and when he looks forward again, it's too late, he runs right into a TOURIST taking a selfie.

Their faces CRACK against each other, they both hit the deck.

GRAHAM

Ahh, damnit!

The Selfie Tourist wails, waddles on the ground like an injured animal.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm--

Graham looks back again, Rock closes in.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry!

Do or die time. Graham sprints toward the side of The High Line, steps up onto the ledge and fucking leaps off!

He sails through the air for fifteen feet, smashes right into the side of the building nearest The High Line, clings on for dear life and actually manages to stick the landing. If Spiderman were real, he'd tip his cap.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

20 feet above the sidewalk, Graham grips the building's facade like a free-climber.

GRAHAM

Holy fucking shit--

He turns back to see if Rock has given up his pursuit--HE HASN'T! Rock flies through the air, falls just short of landing on the building, reaches out for salvation as he begins his descent toward the concrete below.

Rock's right bear paw manages to just snag Graham's ankle, ripping him from the building's facade--they both go tumbling down.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREET, BENEATH THE HIGH LINE - NIGHT

Night sky...Darkness...Night sky...Darkness...

...Night sky between fluttering eyes...

A semi-conscious Graham is hoisted onto a stretcher by two FACELESS EMTs.

A light CROWD gathers around, watches.

A BYSTANDER points to Rock's motionless body.

BYSTANDER

Hey, what about the other guy?

EMT 3

Another ambulance is coming.

The two faceless EMTs lift Graham into the back of the ambulance.

As they slam the back door shut, Graham loses the battle with his concussion, passes out--

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

EMT 3 lifts Graham's eye lids, shines a pen-sized flashlight into them.

EMT 3

He's out.

The ambulance driver turns his head--it's Zilch.

ZILCH

Are you sure?

EMT 3

Oh yeah, a fall like that? Lights out. He's bleeding something fierce, you want me to patch him up or what?

ZILCH

No, just make sure his hands are restrained. And find something potent to put in his veins, and when the sun goes down we'll find somewhere nice and high to drop him from.

EMT 3 pulls a syringe from a drawer, pops the needle into a vile, draws the plunger back.

EMT 3
150 micrograms of fentanyl, coming up.

He withdraws the syringe, flicks the needle twice, licks the droplet of liquid opiate that forms at the tip, turns--

EMT 3
Fuck.

Graham's up on his feet. He grabs EMT 3's hand which holds the syringe, forces the needle into the man's neck--

Before he can press the syringe's plunger, Zilch slams on the breaks, the ambulance screeches to a halt, Graham and EMT 3 are thrown off their feet.

Zilch pulls off his seat belt, but before he can maneuver into the back of the ambulance, Graham kicks the stretcher at him, traps him up front.

EMT 3 tries to pull the needle out of his throat, but it's broken off from the syringe and he can't get a grasp on it.

EMT 3
Ah shit, man! What the fuck!

He fumbles into a drawer and comes out with a pair of medical pliers, gets a grip on the needle and slowly pulls it out of his neck.

EMT 3
JESUS--

Graham grabs a small fire extinguisher off the wall, slams it into EMT 3's face, breaks his nose and teeth.

Graham pulls the pin on the extinguisher, unleashes sodium bicarbonate foam into the front of the ambulance, blinds Zilch and covers the entire inside of the ambulance with a thick white cloud.

Zilch coughs up a storm as he feels around for the window controls, lowers the front windows.

He sticks his head out, coughs and gags--finally manages to open the door, falls out onto the concrete.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch climbs to his feet, eyes bloodshot from the extinguisher.

The back doors of the ambulance are open, Graham is gone.

EMT 3 cries and spits up blood, chokes on fumes.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Annie sits on her leather couch, holds Sebastian, right hand on the back of his head.

Her left hand grips a kitchen knife, which she holds outward in a half-hearted attempt to look dangerous.

ANNIE

That's a fascinating story, Graham.
Sounds like you've had a hell of a
day.

Graham sits across from her, bleeding from the back of his head, still covered in remnants of sodium-bicarbonate from the fire extinguisher.

ANNIE

But I still don't understand just what
in the *fuck* you're doing *here*.

Graham looks down at the love seat he sits on, realizes he's messing it up with blood and foam. He stands up quick--Annie flinches. Graham walks off, disappears into her kitchen.

He reappears with a roll of paper towel and a bottle of Windex, takes a knee, sprays some Windex into a piece of paper towel but loses his balance, falls to the floor.

ANNIE

Jesus.

Annie puts the kitchen knife down, rises, takes Sebastian to his room. She reenters the living room, rips a wad of paper towel, kneels beside Graham, applies pressure to the wound at the back of his head.

ANNIE

You're concussed. You need to go to
the hospital.

GRAHAM
No hospitals--not safe.

ANNIE
Safety is relative, you might get
brain damage.

GRAHAM
Not for me. For you.

He faints.

FADE TO BLACK.

R U N N I N G W A T E R . . .

INT. BATHROOM, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Graham wakes up in a bath. *Panic*. He tries to sit up--his
head pulsates. The room vibrates. He leans back.

Annie places a washcloth on his head. The vibrations ease.

ANNIE
Sit back, you need rest.

GRAHAM
The light.

Annie dims the light in the bathroom.

ANNIE
You said I'm in danger. Why would I be
in danger?

GRAHAM
I may...have lead them to you. I've
been here before. I'm sorry.

His eyes shudder, on the verge of a black out. Annie walks
back over to him, takes ahold of his jaw, moves her face
right in front of his.

ANNIE
What were you doing here? Who do you
really work for?

GRAHAM
I already told you, NSA.

ANNIE

Why would the NSA be spying on me?

GRAHAM

They weren't. I just...wanted to see you.

She lets go of his face, he slowly sinks down into the tub.

Annie takes her cell out, steps into the hallway.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Did you hear that?...I don't know, he could be confused, possible brain damage...I think it's coincidence...I could just let him drown...

INT. HALLWAY, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Annie's back is to the bathroom door.

ANNIE (ON PHONE)

They could fish him out of the East River...What are you asking *me* for?...This goes way *beyond* my scope of duty, I'm a journalist...fine.

She turns, re-enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Annie approaches the tub, the water now a murky pinkish hue--
GRAHAM'S NOT IN THE BATH.

He pops up behind her, grabs her by the back of the neck, bends her over the tub, forces her head under water.

She tries to fight him, to push herself up out of the bloody water, but every time she gets a grip on the side of the bathtub, Graham knocks her hands away.

She writhes around like a wild animal. Water splashes against the tiled bathroom floor.

Graham grimaces, then forces her head further under water.

Just before she stops moving, the sound of Sebastian's voice cuts through the violence--

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

Mommy?

INT. HALLWAY, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sebastian approaches the bathroom.

He raises a hand, presses it softly against the door, fearful of what he'll find on the other side.

SEBASTIAN

Mommy?

INT. BATHROOM, ANNIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian enters. Annie kneels over the tub, coughs up water. Graham's nowhere to be seen.

Sebastian lunges at his mother, wraps around her like a sloth.

SEBASTIAN

Are you okay, are you okay?

As Sebastian buries his head in her chest, Graham emerges from behind the door, slips out of the bathroom, vanishes.

ANNIE

I'm fine, baby. I just fell asleep in the bath. I'm fine. I promise.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN, RANDALLS ISLAND - NIGHT

Rayner drives, Morris in the front passenger seat.

MORRIS

Why would he do that? Why on earth would he do that?

RAYNER

Fucker's always been unpredictable. Don't know how he made it this far. Guy should've washed out after that incident with the lady on the sidewalk.

MORRIS

He saved her life. Rescued her.

RAYNER

Exactly what I'm saying. He's got some kinda hero complex now? Really? Not in this line of work...

Morris turns the steering wheel hard, jams on the breaks. The ambulance comes to a halt beneath a bridge.

MORRIS

Well, what now? What's the move?

RAYNER

No move, not now. We just sit, we wait.

Morris starts fidgeting in his seat.

MORRIS

Shit, shit, shit.

RAYNER

What's the problem?

MORRIS

Need to piss, gotta take a leak.

RAYNER

Christ. You and your fucking bladder.

Morris looks at Rayner with a child-like stare.

RAYNER

Whataya want me to do about it, shake the tip for you? Go take a piss...

MORRIS

What if they come while I'm pissing?

RAYNER

Who the fuck is *they*? No one's coming. We're probably gonna be sitting here for the next twelve, sixteen hours, until someone radios us that we're good to go home.

MORRIS

Yeah? Really? You think?

RAYNER

That or they wipe us out with a drone strike, blame it on a gas leak. Now will you go take a piss and knock off all that jittery shit?

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Morris climbs out, gently closes the door behind him, approaches one of the bridge's massive support beams, unzips his fly, fishes his dick out, pees while he walks, does a 180-turn, walks backwards to avoid peeing on himself--

HE SEES Rock and Scissors sneak up toward the front of the ambulance. He stops peeing.

Scissors hand-signals Rock to go around the passenger's side, while he takes the driver's side.

Morris has a split second to think, dick still in hand. His mouth moves, jaw flexes, ready to shout: RUN!...but the word never reaches his mouth.

Rock and Scissors leap into the front of the ambulance, like predators on the hunt. Morris cowers behind the bridge's support beam.

INT. AMBULANCE/SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Scissors leans over Rayner's dead body, uses his blood to write the words, "I'm sorry" on the window. Rock is in the back, rummaging through surveillance equipment.

ROCK

What do we do with all this crap?
Won't fit in the van.

A moving truck pulls up parallel to the ambulance.

SCISSORS

Leave it, don't touch anything.
They're sending someone to fetch it.
This is probably him now.

Scissors finishes writing the message on the window. He looks around in search of somewhere to wipe his hands.

SCISSORS

Is there a cloth back there? Something
for my hands?

ROCK

You told me not to touch anything.

SCISSORS

I guess I should've also told you not
to be a fucking idiot.

ROCK

Fuck you. Wipe it off on his shirt.

SCISSORS

Yeah, I'll just wipe my bloody hands on his shirt. Crime scene techs won't find that interesting at all.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Zilch carries power tools from the back of the moving truck into the ambulance. DRILLING NOISES.

Rock and Scissors get into their van and drive off.

Morris peaks out from behind the support beam, takes a deep breath, books it for the moving truck. Just as the drilling stops, Morris drops to the ground, rolls beneath the semi-trailer, hides in the shadows.

Zilch exits the ambulance, climbs into the semi-trailer, climbs out a moment later holding a dolly.

He places the dolly on the ground, drags a giant security monitor from the back of the ambulance onto it.

EXT. BENEATH THE SEMI-TRAILER OF THE MOVING TRUCK - NIGHT

Morris wakes to the SOUNDS and VIBRATIONS of the truck coming to life--he fell asleep. Just before the truck drives off, he latches onto the bottom of the semi-trailer, hitches a ride.

INT. CABIN OF MOVING TRUCK - NIGHT

Zilch brings the 18 wheeler to a halt on the sidewalk across the street from Graham's apartment building.

He lifts the grey baseball cap off his head, wipes the sweat from his brow, re-secures the cap in place.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOVING TRUCK, STREET/SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch climbs out of the cabin, walks to the back of the truck, enters the semi-trailer. Morris finally releases his grip, drops to the concrete beneath the truck bed. He shakes out his palms, black with soot.

After a deep breath, he rolls out from beneath the truck, sprints across the street, leaps through the backdoors of a bus just before it drives off.

EXT. BUS STOP, MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Morris gets off the bus, stays close to a group of CIVILIANS. As the herd thins out, he looks over both shoulders, b-lines for a CVS store.

INT. CVS - MOMENTS LATER

Morris walks up and down the aisles of the CVS, stuffs his basket with goods.

He grabs a purple sports drink, a box of NyQuil, a jump rope, gets in line at the pharmacy.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT

Morris, shopping bag of CVS crap in tow, struts up the lobby of the hotel, slaps a credit card down on the front desk. The name on the credit card reads: PHILIP SWARLOWE.

The CLERK smiles at Morris.

CLERK

Hello, Mr. Swarlowe. Would you like your usual suite this evening?

MORRIS

Yes please, Lisa.

CLERK

Just two nights?

MORRIS

My trip's a bit more open-ended this time around. Better make it a couple weeks. Two weeks, please.

She takes the credit card, hits a few buttons on her computer, hands him a room key.

CLERK

Room service closes in one hour.

MORRIS

Thanks Lisa, not hungry. I already ate. Just came from dinner.

He heads for the elevator.

CLERK

Have a good night Mr. Swarlowe.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Morris enters, double locks the door, places his shopping bag on the couch, opens the cupboard, reveals the mini-fridge inside.

He gets down low, wraps his arms around the mini-fridge, hoists it out of the cupboard.

He rubs his finger against the wood of the bottom of the cupboard, beneath where the mini-fridge used to sit--he finds a seam.

He presses down on the floor, a false bottom pops up, reveals a **secret compartment**. Morris removes a laptop and a set of files from the secret compartment, lays it all out on the table in front of the couch.

He picks up his grocery bag from CVS, empties its contents onto the couch:

Purple sports drink. Box of NyQuil. Jump rope.

INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Morris showers. He washes himself in sets of threes.

Runs his hands through his hair three times.

Scrubs his left armpit three times. Scrubs his right armpit three times. He scrubs his left foot three times, he scrubs his right foot three times. He turns the water off.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Morris steps out of the bathroom, towel around his waist--he flinches.

MORRIS

Oh shit, shit, shit. You scared the absolute crap out of me.

He grabs his pants, pulls them on under the towel.

MORRIS

Spooked me, gave me a real fright.

Graham is seated on the couch, holds Morris' paper files in his left hand, peruses his laptop with his right.

MORRIS

You look like shit. Really terrible,
Graham. Awful.

GRAHAM

That's about how I feel. *You* seem to
be doing alright.

MORRIS

I got lucky. Saved by my tiny bladder.
Rayner on the other hand--

GRAHAM

I saw.

Graham raises a hand to his wound, touches the dry blood.

MORRIS

You want a wet cloth for that?

GRAHAM

No, I'll be fine.

MORRIS

Well, how about some electrolytes?
Drink up, you need electrolytes.

Graham waves him off, but Morris holds the purple sports
drink up until he accepts it.

MORRIS

Drink up. You been on the run all day?

Graham nods, opens the sports drink, takes a swig.

MORRIS

Recognize the guys they sent after
you? Anyone look familiar?

Graham shakes his head, takes another swig, wipes his mouth.

MORRIS

Spooks. Company Men. Closers, I
presume.

GRAHAM

How'd you find all this?

He waves the files at Morris.

MORRIS

How do you think?

GRAHAM

There's no way you hacked HQ.

MORRIS

You're really the most arrogant--you think you're the only Watcher capable of keeping tabs? Of moving pieces across the board?

Morris gesticulates a game of chess. Graham finally looks up.

GRAHAM

You were expecting me?

MORRIS

You're *so* arrogant.

GRAHAM

You lured me here. You *knew* I knew your false identity. That I'd be waiting for a charge to your credit card.

MORRIS

Can you blame me? Hacking me and Rayner like we wouldn't notice...tell me, can you make sense of it? Can you make any sense at all of what you're reading? Does it mean *anything* to you?

GRAHAM

They swapped out the politicians drugs. To what end, I'm still unclear. Is overdosing *one* extremist politician *really* worth all this...mess?

Graham chugs down the rest of the sports drinks.

GRAHAM

This tastes like piss, by the way.

He licks his lips, *inquisitively*.

He looks over at the small trashcan in the corner of the room--spots the empty NyQuil bottles.

MORRIS

I'm sorry, Graham. I am. Sorry.

Graham drops the sports drink to the floor, his body sags over the coffee table. He vomits-up some of the purple concoction. Morris grabs a hand towel, wipes Graham's mouth.

MORRIS

It wasn't supposed to be a fatal dose...the politician? They weren't trying to kill him.

Graham's eyes flutter...sleep comes for him.

GRAHAM

Th-th-then what was it?

MORRIS

Operation Fishbowl. Successor to the MK-ULTRA program.

MORRIS

They switched his Percocet with Fentanyl. Laced it with micro-doses of LSD and amphetamines, and something called Reserpine.

Morris ties Graham's hands behind his back with the jump rope, lowers him from the coffee table down to the carpet.

GRAHAM

MK-ULTRA? As in mind control? That operation was a failure. A joke.

MORRIS

In part, sure. The idea of activating brainwashed sleeper agents by uttering a secret code was always far-fetched. But that was only a small portion of the program. That wasn't what it was really about. Just a small portion.

Graham's eyes flutter, he's losing the battle to NyQuil.

GRAHAM

Tell me, Morris. What was it *really* about?

MORRIS

Hypnosis. Induced insanity. Long-term manipulation. The coerced modification of a subject's ideologies.

GRAHAM

F-F-Fuck you, I don't believe it.

MORRIS

That's cause you're so damn arrogant. You're so arrogant, you are. Think you're the smartest guy in any room you walk into. But you didn't even know, did you? She was in on it. She was in on it and you had no idea.

GRAHAM

What are you blathering about, Morris? Wh-wh-who was in on what?

MORRIS

That stripper you saved. **A CIA asset.** She was the one switching his drugs, it was *her* they trained to hypnotize him. She'd put on Fox News and fuck his brains out. The sweet nothings she'd whisper into his ears--line for line, written by the Agency. She was a CIA whore, and you threw your life away for her. You threw your life away. And Rayner's. Not mine though. Not mine, no sir. I've got you. You're my bargaining chip. I got you.

A tear drops down from the corner of Graham's eye.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Note to self: don't trust other people. Other people ruin everything.

Graham can't fight the NyQuil off any longer.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Graham wakes up--facedown on the carpet. A puddle of blood seeps toward him. *Whose fucking blood is that?*

Morris comes into focus...on the floor, maybe ten feet from Graham, his throat slit open, head pushed all the way back, looking like Pac-Man mid-chomp.

TOILET FLUSHES.

Graham snaps out of it, shuts his eyes, plays possum.

Rock and Scissors emerge from the bathroom. Scissors dries his hands with a towel.

SCISSORS

Relax. If it doesn't come out with soda-water, I'll buy you a new one.

ROCK

It won't come out. It's blood, blood don't come out.

Rock dabs at his stained shirt with a wet, crumpled napkin.

SCISSORS

I'm not the one who told you to change out of your coveralls.

ROCK

You know I get overheated in those-- it's not--why couldn't you just give me a heads up before you slashed 'em?

SCISSORS

What do you want me to say? I'm sorry.

ROCK

You're not sorry, I can tell--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door of the hotel suite.

Rock is startled.

SCISSORS

Relax, it's the Troubleshooter.

Scissors answers the door, Zilch enters, studies the room.

ZILCH

Is one of them alive?

Scissors nods at Graham.

SCISSORS

Drugged, he's out.

ZILCH

Help me get 'em on the couch.

They hoist Graham up, plop him down on the couch in a seated position, his head sags off to the side.

SCISSORS
Alright then, good luck.

Scissors leads Rock toward the door, Zilch stops them.

ZILCH
Wait. Your knife.

SCISSORS
What?

ZILCH
The knife you used to do that one.

Zilch points at Morris.

SCISSORS
What about it?

ZILCH
I need it. To make it look right.

SCISSORS
Shit, this is my favorite knife.

Scissors reluctantly hands it over.

ZILCH
Expense yourself a new one.

Zilch takes it, draws the blade, turns his back to Rock and Scissors, places the knife in Graham's right hand, wraps his palm around the handle.

Rock and Scissors leave the hotel suite.

Zilch digs into his jacket pocket, pulls out a small black case.

Inside is a syringe and a vial of murky liquid.

He loads the syringe--Graham whips the knife up, takes a swipe at Zilch's face, slashes his eyelid clean off.

ZILCH
Gahhhh--Fuck!

Graham leaps off the couch, shoves past Zilch, grabs Morris' laptop, bolts out the door of the hotel suite.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Hopkins, hands on his hips like they're glued there, hunches over Chavez, stares at the analyst's computer in disbelief.

HOPKINS

Who the hell is this guy? I thought he was just a Watcher.

MAXWELL

He is, sir. Very little field experience--

HOPKINS

What the hell's that mean?

RALPH

He did some time in military intelligence, sir. File's mostly redacted.

PORTER

We're the top of the food chain. Who outside this room has the power to redact his file?

RALPH

Maybe he's the President's kid-nephew.

Hopkins pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration.

HOPKINS

Regardless, how the hell did he get away? Your man's supposed to be--

PORTER

He was *supposed to be* unconscious.

CHAVEZ

I think I found him.

All eyes on Chavez.

HOPKINS

Well...where the fuck is he?

CHAVEZ

Physically, it appears he's in a Best Buy. Must've broken in after closing, turned the alarm off--but not before a signal alerted the security company--

HOPKINS

Hold off the police, no one gets in before us.

MAXWELL

On it, sir.

PORTER

*Physically...*why'd you say it like that?

CHAVEZ

Well, that's the thing...

HOPKINS

Out with it then.

CHAVEZ

It looks like maybe he hacked our system.

INT. COMPUTER SECTION, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Morris' laptop is hooked up to multiple monitors and computers from the Best Buy display.

The screen on the laptop reads: MALWARE UPLOADING

The Progress Bar is at 78% and counting.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Bland office. Ironically placed, outdated computer. Chair on wheels. Shredded, coffee-stained carpet. Midsized-SAFE snug under the desk.

Graham tears through every drawer and cupboard until he finds a post-it note that reads: 25-47-19

He twists the knob on the safe, lands on each number from the post-it. CLICK. The safe door pops open. He pulls out an envelope of cash, counts out barely \$350.

Mouths the word: SHIT.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Note to self: brick and mortar is dead. Cash is no longer king.

He pockets the cash, heads back out to the sales floor.

INT. TV SECTION, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

He walks by a string of TVs--on, but muted. One of them plays the news, and his mother-fucking picture is plastered across the screen. He clicks on the volume:

NEWSCASTER ON TELEVISION
 30-year-old Graham Michaels, a
 possibly PTSD-stricken Military
 veteran is wanted in connection to the
 murder of this man--

A picture of Morris pops up on the screen, Graham turns the TV off.

He speed-walks up and down the aisles, grabs gear off the shelves as he goes: another laptop, a pair of blue tooth ear buds, cables and wires galore.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Everyone's huddled around Chavez, who manipulates the keyboard of his laptop like a PC gaming prodigy on a fresh dose of amphetamines.

CHAVEZ
 Looks like that Morris guy really knew
 his stuff--accessed our whole system.

HOPKINS
 How?

CHAVEZ
 You know how in the movies, when the
 heist team does a break-in, they run
 the security camera footage back on a
 loop--so the guards are watching
 yesterday's feed, have no idea the
 robbers are there *in real time*?

HOPKINS
 Sure...

CHAVEZ
 Morris figured out a way to do that
 with our software.

HOPKINS
 And what about this Graham Michaels?

Maxwell runs over to his laptop, puts his game-face on.

CHAVEZ
He's...piggybacking Morris' hack.

RALPH
What's his end game?

PORTER
He's giving us the run-around.

CHAVEZ
That, or he's trying to lead us into a trap--shit.

HOPKINS
What?

CHAVEZ
He's leaching files.

HOPKINS
What's that mean?

CHAVEZ
He's cloning--copying--*stealing* them.

HOPKINS
Which files?

MAXWELL
Looks like old shit, sir. A folder on MK-ULTRA, a folder on CHAOS--

PORTER
The Public's seen most of those already.

CHAVEZ
He leeches a folder labeled Warren Commission. Another labeled Spahn Ranch.

Hopkins looks at Porter.

HOPKINS
How bad is that for you?

PORTER
It's not, the more dubious stuff was purged years ago.

MAXWELL

He got one labeled Winter Hill and another called RAMPART.

PORTER

That's not great.

CHAVEZ

He nabbed the file called FISHBOWL.

PORTER

Shit.

INT. COMPUTER SECTION, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Graham has a second laptop plugged into Morris' laptop.

The screen reads: UPLOAD COMPLETE.

He disconnects them, plugs the new laptop into his smartphone with a long cable, pockets the phone, stuffs the laptop into his backpack, pops the bluetooth ear buds into his ears, slings the backpack over his shoulder.

INT. TV SECTION LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

CLANKING NOISES from the ground level...company.

Graham snags the remote controls from the nearby televisions, turns them all to max volume then shuts them off.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Cop car pulls up behind a black van with BIG BROTHER SECURITY CO. painted on the side in fat red letters.

TWO OFFICERS hop out, approach Best Buy.

VAN DRIVER lowers his window, calls out.

VAN DRIVER

Gentlemen.

Van driver, khaki pants and collared shirt, gets out, approaches the officers, ID badge slung around his neck.

VAN DRIVER

We had a false alarm, the closing team forgot to lockup properly is all. Best Buy HQ called us in.

The two officers exchange a look--skeptics?

OFFICER 1

Didn't realize Best Buy was using private security.

VAN DRIVER

The way theft's gotten in this country...it's cheaper, ya know?

OFFICER 2

Oh, Big Brother Security Co. Yeah, I think I've seen you guys around.

VAN DRIVER

Yeah, we're everywhere.

The officers exchange another glance.

OFFICER 1

Well, alright then. Have a good one.

VAN DRIVER

You as well, Officers. Goodnight now.

The cops amble back to their cruiser, drive off. Van Driver speaks into his radio--

VAN DRIVER (INTO RADIO)

We're all clear up top. Proceed with extraction.

INT. GROUND LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

A tactical squad of four Big Brother Security Members stalk the ground floor of Best Buy: GHOST, PHANTOM, WRAITH and SPIRIT. They each wield electric taser batons, wearing thick-framed smart glasses and black tactical gear.

GHOST

Should have worn night vision.

PHANTOM

This ain't Afghanistan.

SPIRIT

You know he likes his toys.

GHOST

Dark as shit down there.

They board the escalator, ride down to the lower level.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

The tactical team slides off the escalator with precision.

WRAITH

Extraction is a Go. Fan out.

They split up, move down different aisles of the excessively large sales floor.

Wraith moves through the speaker section, notices the door to the manager's office ajar.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Wraith peaks his head in. He looks up--one of the ceiling tiles has been pushed aside, the office chair is positioned directly beneath it.

WRAITH (INTO RADIO)

He's in the ceiling.

INT. TV SECTION, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Phantom stalks the TV section.

PHANTOM

The ceiling? Who is this guy, John McClain?

He studies the ventilation system on the ceiling.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Wraith steps up onto the office chair, lifts himself up toward the ceiling, pokes his head into the hole where the removed tile used to sit.

Graham pops out from behind the door, snags a pair of scissors from the desk, snips Wraith's achilles tendon.

INT. LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - SAME TIME

A violent SHRIEK draws the attention of Phantom, who darts over toward the manager's office.

PHANTOM (INTO RADIO)

Who's got eyes on Wraith? Who's got eyes on Wraith?

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Phantom runs into the office.

Wraith lay on the floor. Blood flows his achilles and his throat--where the scissors have been jammed.

PHANTOM

God damnit.

Ghost and Spirit converge on the office.

GHOST

What the hell happened?

Phantom closes Wraith's eyes beneath his glasses.

PHANTOM

Target's got his taser.

SPIRIT

Well, let's stop fucking around then.

PHANTOM (INTO RADIO)

Overwatch, you have eyes on the entrance?

VAN DRIVER (O.S.)

Confirmed. No movement up top.

PHANTOM

He's still down here.

Spirit turns, jogs out of the office.

SPIRIT (O.S.)

I'll be stationed at the bottom of the escalators. Spread out, direct him to me. Only way out.

INT. SPEAKER SECTION LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Phantom stalks the blue tooth section, moves down an aisle with the grace of a ninja, surrounded on both sides by dozens of blue tooth speakers.

The speakers turn on one-by-one.

Phantom spins around, doesn't see his prey. The SPEAKERS COME TO LIFE SIMULTANEOUSLY--each one blasts a different song from a different genre.

The music is so loud, so many songs at once, it's an incoherent explosion of EAR-SHATTERING NOISE.

PHANTOM

Ahhhhh--

Phantom cups his ears, spins like a dreidel.

INT. NEAR MANAGER'S OFFICE, LOWER LEVEL BEST BUY - SAME TIME

The EAR SHATTERING NOISE from the blue tooth section pierces Ghost's radio.

He turns it off, runs toward the noise.

INT. SPEAKER SECTION, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost gets to the blue tooth speaker aisle. Hands cover his ears, he looks down at Phantom, unconscious on the floor.

He uses his stun-baton to destroy as many of the speakers as he can. Eventually, BEETHOVEN is all that's left playing.

He turns his radio back on.

GHOST (INTO RADIO)

Phantom's down. Target got his baton.

Radio silence.

GHOST (INTO RADIO)

Spirit? Come in, Spirit...shit.

INT. BY ESCALATOR, LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost runs over toward the escalators, doesn't see Spirit positioned in front of them.

He lifts his radio to speak into it, but--

GHOST

Oh, shit.

Spirit is unconscious, splayed out on his back, riding up the escalator to the ground floor.

A light turns on in the TV section. Ghost gets low, grips his stun-baton, heads that way.

INT. TV SECTION LOWER LEVEL, BEST BUY - MOMENTS LATER

A single TV is on, illuminates a portion of the aisle.

Ghost keeps his head on a swivel. The TV turns off. Ghost spins around--sees no one in the darkness.

GHOST

Come on out motherfucker. I'm not here to turn your lights off, just to bring you in. But if you continue to make things difficult--

A different TV turns on, this one plays the children's show Barney, right in the midst of its marching-band theme song.

TV

Barney is a dinosaur--

Ghost smashes the screen with his baton. The TV across from the one he smashed turns on--before any sound comes out, Ghost spins around and smashes it.

One-by-one, the rest of the TVs turn on. Ghost moves down the aisle, smashes each of them, until he reaches the largest TV in the section...about to smash it, but Graham pushes the TV over from the back, crushes Ghost beneath it.

GHOST

Ahhhh--

He looks up through his thick-framed glasses as Graham steps on top of the TV.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Everyone huddles around Chavez's computer, watches the feed from Ghost's smart glasses. They see Graham stand over him, crush him beneath a giant television. Graham touches one of the stun-batons to Ghost's glasses--the feed goes dark.

PORTER

Shit.

RALPH

Well...what now?

HOPKINS

We're gonna call it a day on this extraction bullshit. Send the closers back in.

Porter walks to the window, looks out, pensive.

RALPH

Send them where? Can we even track
this guy?

CHAVEZ

We can.

Porter turns.

PORTER

How do you seem so confident about
that?

CHAVEZ

Cause he's in your field team's van.

INT. BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - SAME TIME

The sun rises. Graham drives the black van. The laptop he stole from Best Buy sits on the front passenger seat. The Van Driver is hogtied in the back.

VAN DRIVER

I hope you have a plan, buddy.

He rolls across the back of the van as Graham takes a hard right turn.

VAN DRIVER

We were just sent to extract you,
didn't even get a kill order. But
now...

Graham slams on the breaks, the Van Driver skids forward, hits his head on the back of the front passenger seat.

Graham puts the van in park, picks up the stun-baton, steps into the back, stands over the Van Driver, clicks the baton's button, lets the Van Driver see the electric pulse flicker.

GRAHAM

Tell me about Operation Fishbowl.

The Van Driver chuckles.

VAN DRIVER

You got the wrong guy, buddy. I'm
tactical support, I don't know shit--
ahhh!

Graham puts the baton to his crotch, stuns him.

VAN DRIVER

Ahhhh--fuck--

The Van Driver vomits. Graham rolls him onto his stomach so he doesn't choke.

Graham leans into the front of the van, turns the volume on the radio all the way up--90s ALT ROCK blares--he grabs the laptop, reads from it.

GRAHAM

These names, who are they? I recognize a few of them...politicians. But the others?

The Van Driver spits the leftover puke from his mouth. Graham holds the stun-baton over him, clicks the trigger. At the sight of the electric pulse--

VAN DRIVER

Yes, yes politicians. And government employees.

GRAHAM

That your people are attempting to control through drug-enhanced hypnosis?

VAN DRIVER

You've clearly accessed the files, why are you wasting time questioning me?

GRAHAM

Because it doesn't make sense...who OK'd this?

The Van Driver laughs.

VAN DRIVER

You know how it goes, buddy. *Anything* seems reasonable when National Security is at stake.

GRAHAM

That's ridiculous.

VAN DRIVER

Yeah, it is.

GRAHAM

And you're participating in it.

VAN DRIVER

Uncle Sam cuts the check, same time every two weeks. That usually makes me feel pretty OK about--

Graham hits the button on the stun-baton, jams it into Van Driver's chest--he convulses, face goes white, mouth foams.

GRAHAM

Crap.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone has retaken seats in front of their computers, besides Porter and Hopkins.

Hopkins paces the room.

Porter leans against the window, arms crossed, looking like he's already lost and trying to get over it.

HOPKINS

How far are they?

MAXWELL

Not far, sir. Closing in, ninety seconds.

HOPKINS

We have visuals?

CHAVEZ

They've both lost their glasses.

HOPKINS

Make a note to get them replacements--

PORTER

You *can't* be serious.

The whole room looks up at Porter.

PORTER

You haven't figured out how this ends, yet?

MAXWELL

Forty-five seconds.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - DAY

Rock and Scissors cross the street, flank the van as they approach...

Scissors pops up at the driver's side door--sees no one. He nods to Rock.

Rock swings open the back door of the van--Graham's no where to be seen. Rock grabs the hogtied Van Driver's legs, pulls him halfway out the van before they realize he's dead.

Rock climbs into the van, kills the music.

Scissors takes a flip-phone from his pocket, hits one button, holds it to his ear.

SCISSORS (INTO PHONE)

He's not here...driver's
dead...hogtied...I don't know, doesn't
look like it.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Hopkins presses the 'MUTE' button on the speaker phone. Chavez looks up from his laptop.

CHAVEZ

Computer is definitely in that van.

Hopkins unmutes the speaker phone.

HOPKINS (INTO PHONE)

Tear that van apart. There's a laptop
in there, somewhere, running a
backdoor into our system.

Hopkins hits the 'MUTE' button again.

HOPKINS

How'd he get out of there so quickly?

MAXWELL

Probably assumed the van was bugged,
sir.

CHAVEZ

Still, doesn't make sense. Turns the
volume up on the radio--

PORTER

So we can't hear the interrogation. He *knows* the van's bugged.

CHAVEZ

Exactly--but then he's vanished 45 seconds later. How?

SCISSORS (O.S.)

Look--we scoured every inch of this van. Pulled out the inner panels, hidden compartments under the seats--nothing. No laptop.

ROCK (O.S.)

We sure he was here? Way the van's parked...I mean, there's no where for him to go. Would'a seen 'em for sure.

Chavez pops up from his seat, eyes vibrating like he's having a brain blast.

Everyone in the boardroom stares at him--he walks out.

JEFFEREY

What the fuck was that?

Chavez reenters pushing a whiteboard on wheels.

RALPH

Chavez, what the hell are you--

Chavez places a finger to his lips--**HUSH!**

He picks up a dry-erase marker, writes on the white board: HE'S LISTENING.

He then writes: "HANG TIGHT. HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AWAY" and points at Hopkins.

Hopkins unmutes the speaker phone.

HOPKINS

Hang tight, he must have slipped away.

He clicks the mute button again.

Chavez writes: TARGET IS UNDER VAN. Underlines it.

Maxwell pops up, struts to the whiteboard, picks up a dry-erase marker, writes:

MUST COMMUNICATE WITH CLOSERS ON AN ALT FREQUENCY.

Porter holds a hand up to get everyone's attention, taps his own chest with his pointer finger, approaches the whiteboard, takes the marker from Maxwell, writes:

TEN MINUTES. He leaves the boardroom.

INT. ELEVATOR, F6 BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Porter types a text message to an encrypted number.

The text reads: PP76LX-Five Minutes.

The elevator doors open.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Porter jogs up the sidewalk toward the entrance for the NY Public Library.

He gets to a glass door--locked. Tries a second door--locked. Third doors a charm...

INT. BASEMENT, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

RING RING RING--A row of old school phone booths, the wooden kind, with tiny stools built into the walls opposite the phones--RING RING RING.

Porter leaps into a booth, grabs the phone on its last ring.

PORTER

Watched trees never fall.

ZILCH (O.S.)

What's so urgent?

PORTER

Have something for you. Can't wait.

EXT. SIDEWALK, NEAR GRAHAM'S BUILDING - SAME TIME

Zilch speaks into a flip-phone.

ZILCH

Connected to the other thing?

PORTER (O.S.)

Yes, highly sensitive. It's a two-parter. Listen carefully.

INT. BOARD ROOM, F6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The whiteboard is filled with barely legible scribbles, musings like: "BLOW UP THE VAN" and "LET THE COPS TAKE IT."

Hopkins looks unamused and unimpressed.

Porter reenters the boardroom--all eyes on him. He checks his watch, puts the peace sign up, mouths: TWO MINUTES.

INT. BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - DAY

Scissors sits in the drivers seat. Rock reclines in the front passenger.

The Van Driver's corpse still hogtied in the back.

ROCK

How long we s'posed to sit on this
body?

Rock takes out his pack of smokes, lights a cigarette--
Scissors snatches it from him--drops it out the window.

ROCK

What's your fucking problem?

SCISSORS

What did I say about smoking in the
van?

ROCK

This ain't even our van!

SCISSORS

Did you think my problem with your
smoking was the cleanliness of that
piece of shit van we drove?

ROCK

What I thought was--

They're interrupted by a KNOCK on the driver's side window.
Zilch has arrived. Scissors rolls the window down.

Zilch puts a finger over his lips: *shush*. He then touches the
same finger to his ear: *comms are compromised*.

Scissors nods.

Zilch hands him two pairs of blue tooth ear pods.

Scissors turns, hands a pair off to Rock, when he turns back-- Zilch is gone.

They fit the ear pods in their ears...silence. They look at each other. Rock shrugs.

Scissors taps lightly on the horn: a whisper of a HONK.

HOPKINS (O.S.)

Gentlemen. If you're hearing me, you know that the main comms-line has been tapped. What you likely do not know yet, is that the target is hiding beneath the van you currently occupy.

Rock makes a move to jump out the front passenger door, Scissors stops him.

HOPKINS (O.S.)

Don't get out of the vehicle. What I want you to do is turn the van on, wait a beat.

Scissors keys the ignition.

HOPKINS (O.S.)

You're going to drive slowly toward the target's home residence.

INT. SEMI-TRAILER, MOVING TRUCK - SAME TIME

Zilch pulls on a pair of brown coveralls with a UPS insignia on the chest.

He places a half dozen cardboard boxes on a hand-truck, moves to the back of the semi-trailer.

HOPKINS (O.S.)

You're going to park a block away, and then hustle to the back of the target's building, where you will enter through the basement.

EXT. OUTSIDE BACK OF GRAHAM'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch lowers himself from the semi-trailer.

He pushes the hand-truck down a ramp and into the basement of Graham's building.

INT. BASEMENT OF GRAHAM'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Zilch, in his fake UPS outfit, approaches the building's ATTENDANT, who sits behind a desk.

HOPKINS (O.S.)
Building security will be dealt with.

ATTENDANT
How's it going?

ZILCH
Oh, it's going.

ATTENDANT
Sure is--

Zilch removes a small spray bottle from his pocket, sprays it into the Attendant's face.

ATTENDANT
Yo--what the fuck!?

The Attendant rises, angry and wild, but quickly passes out. Zilch catches him, lowers him back into his chair.

HOPKINS (O.S.)
You're going to wait patiently for the target to return home. You're going to ambush him quietly and put this to bed. You're going to make it look self-inflicted.

Zilch deletes the building's security footage, wheels the hand-truck back outside.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - DAY

Graham lowers himself from the undercarriage of the van, backpack resting on his chest. He lays on the concrete, checks to make sure the laptop is secure in his backpack.

His hands are blistered, bloodied. He shakes out his arms best he can with the limited space, peaks out from beneath the van.

He slithers out, rises to a crouch, pulls the backpack onto his back, jumps behind a parked car, sneaks around it, afraid Rock and Scissors are still in the van. He takes off--

INT. BASEMENT OF GRAHAM'S BUILDING - DAY

Graham walks into the basement, furiously typing away on his phone, which is still plugged into the laptop in his backpack.

He walks right past the Attendant without noticing the man's *unconscious*.

INT. ELEVATOR, GRAHAM'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Graham stands in the corner of the elevator, typing away on his smartphone. He writes an email.

In the *Recipients* Section: **nytnews@nytimes.com, inquiries@interactive.wsj.com, letters@washpost.com, letters@bloomberg.net, yourQuestions@bbc.co.uk, letters@economist.com...**and it just keeps going.

He's written multiple long paragraphs in the body of the email--the Attachments Section reads: *LOADING*.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

He approaches his front door, still typing away on his phone.

He digs his hands into his pockets--empty. Realizes he doesn't have his key. Looks down at the welcome mat, lifts it--nothing.

SCISSORS

Have you lost your key?

Graham turns, recognizes the voice too late--

Scissors touches a stun-baton to Graham's chest.

50,000 volts of electricity pulses through him.

His eyes attempt to flee their sockets, his hair stands up in all directions, limbs splay out like Jesus on the Cross...

...and then he goes limp.

Drops back like a trust fall.

Rock catches him, hoists him up over one shoulder, as Scissors picks the lock on Graham's front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They move through Graham's home with precision.

Men at the end of an impossibly long mission.

Rock drops Graham onto the couch in sitting position.

Saliva runs down Graham's chin.

He blinks...starts to come-to.

He pops up--Scissors hits him with another pulse from the stun-baton.

Graham drops back onto the couch.

Rock emerges from the kitchen, hands a knife off to Scissors.

ROCK

Serrated OK?

SCISSORS

It'll do.

Scissors lifts Graham's right hand...hesitates. He drops it, lifts Graham's left hand, straightens the arm out.

ROCK

How come?

GRAHAM

He's a righty, would use his right hand to slash left.

ROCK

Smart.

Scissors slices open Graham's left wrist, vertically.

He holds it for a few seconds, watches the blood flow like flood waters through a broken levee.

Scissors puts the knife in Graham's right hand, wraps his palm around it. Graham looks at the knife, eye movement is the most he can muster.

It's now or never...

...it's never.

Rock and Scissors turn, leave the apartment.

EXT. GUTTER, NEXT TO BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - DAY

Zilch fits a metal stopper into the exhaust pipe of the van, seals it with a quick-drying adhesive bond.

He walks away, cuts through traffic, vanishes.

Rock and Scissors approach the van, climb in.

INT. BIG BRO SECURITY CO. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Scissors tries to roll down the windows--they don't budge.

SCISSORS

Shit, were the windows busted before?

Rock shrugs.

ROCK

Beats me.

They drive off.

THE END.